The Independent GUARDIAN

Quality News For The Hard Of Thinking

The Weekly For the Association of Registered Stochastic Executives *(A.R.S.E)*

A Nasty Spell On The Way?

LIFE LOSES CHARM

We'll Get The Bracelets On Them Yet, Says Wossname

Aquitania's luck is running out - literally. That's what they're saying at Guardian House. And top officials say "There's worse to come."

According to leading Guardian Len Wossname, 62, Aquitania can expect:

- Plagues of bats, mice and toads.
- Bad weather for the forseeable future.
- The Green Witches holding power.
- The collapse of the ferg.
- Total unavailability of a decent bit of cheddar

YERSE

Wossname, widely regarded as an authority on the Bracelet of Turani and the magic traditionally associated with it, blames Ms Jannedor Nasty, 186.

"Yerse," said Wossname, "I blame Ms Jannedor Nasty, 186."

Wossname claims that Jannedor is behind a campaign to separate the powerful charms from the legendary Turani bracelet, weakening its power and allowing her and her rebel organization to seize power.

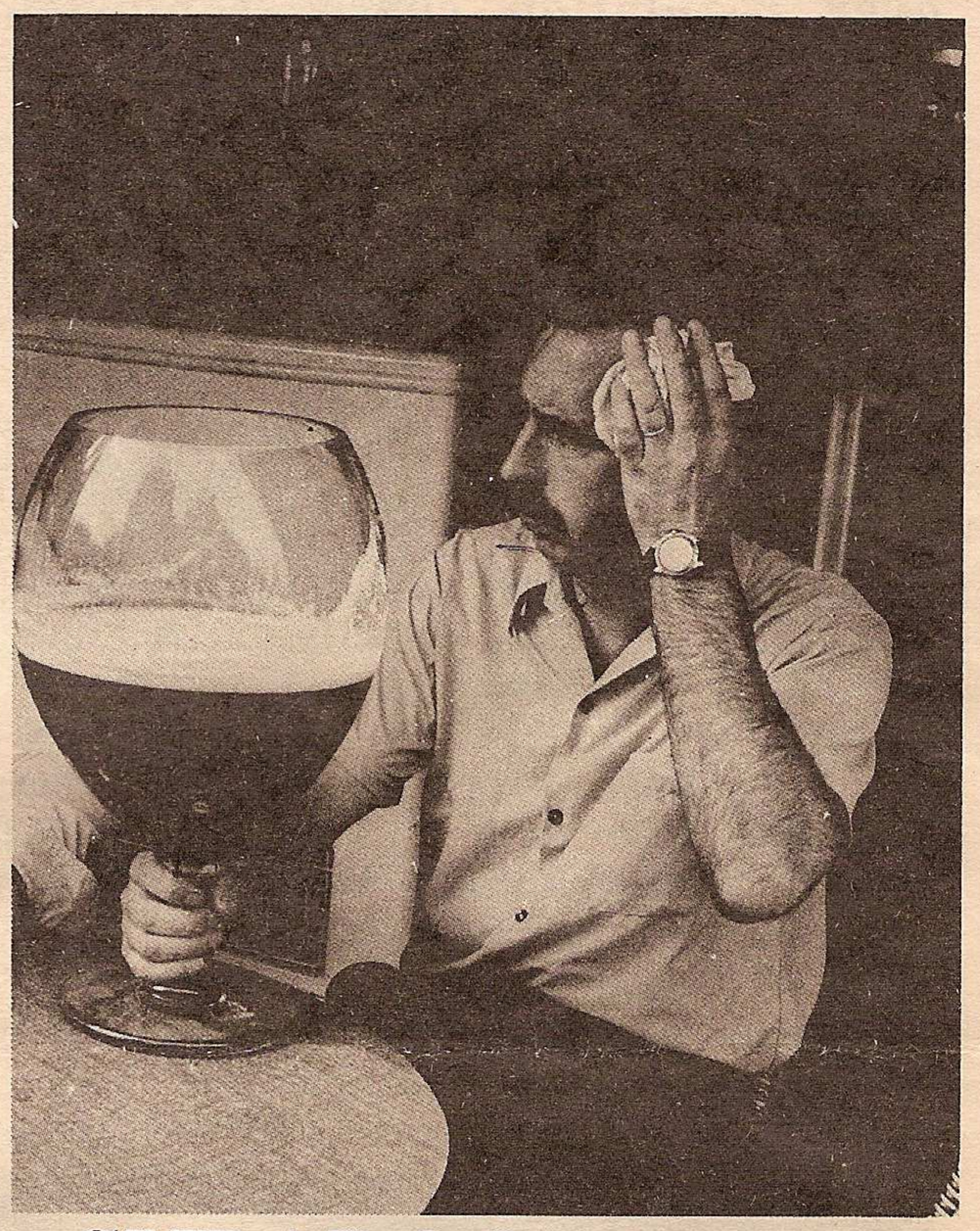
"Mark my words," says Wossname, "things will look bleak for Aquitania unless the bracelet and wossnames are reunited."

Asked what action the Guardians were taking, Wossname said "Werl... between ourselves, fat-all. Manpower, right? But we is looking for the right individual to, er, do the job on our wossname."

Wossname gave your soaraway *Guardian* **exclusive details** of the legendary charms of Turani.

"Dunno if it'll help," he said, "but frankly we've got a ruddy quicksand sitting on our shoulders and we'll be up to our necks in a whirlwind if we don't drag ourselves out of the mire before the moose bolts."

See below for the startling EXCLUSIVE facts!



SUPABOOZA LEN GOES LIKE A DRAIN!

While the rest of us were getting soaked in last weeks mammoth storms, this week's Supa-Booza Len Pisht just… soaked. "I just stood there with my wossname open," says Len, 44. "Not a drop was shpilt!"

Len, a 2nd Grade RSE with Central Stochastics, lives alone with a large collection of corks and something terribly important which he can't remember. When he heard he was this week's winner, Len said "Can anyone who knows where I've been for the last ten years please get in touch?" He added: "Oh - jolly kind of you. Just the one, then," before keeling over and hanging on to the floor.

Len Wossname Writes:

Turani knew us wossnames. Guardians. How we couldn't remember, er, words. So he called the thingies names we *could* remember. Like the **doodah**, fire-engine. Makes it rain. Then to make the sun come out, you use the **thingy**. Dragon. The **oojimy** - walrus - freezes stuff, and the **watchercallit**, unicorn, makes things come back to you. And of course, the **doofer** - pelican - makes things come to life. Just find the wossname, say the doodah, and thing's your wossname. Charm. Word. Bob. Uncle. Narmean?"

Guardians strike in "Hard Cheese" Row

Registered Stochastic Executives are to withdraw their labour as from the 25th, in a row over regulation cheese sandwiches.

"We have to carry these things," says RSE 8th Grade Len Wotcher, "on account of where it's in company wossname, policy.

"But frankly, it's a ruddy disgrace."

Association chiefs took the decision at a meeting of the Guardians' union last night.

"It's definite," said union boss Len "Crusher" Thingy.

"The 25th is Crunch Day. We haven't decided the 25th of what, exactly, but it'll probably be a month.

"It's hard to think of anything else with a 25th in it," Thingy added, "and we took that into account."

The cheese sandwich row begun 286 years ago over the bread, but has now escalated to include the cheese itself. As Deputy General Secretary Len Doodah points out, "It wouldn't be so bad if the wossnames were wossname. Sandwiches. Optional. But they aren't.

"Len Public expects his wossname, Guardian, to be carrying a cheese sarnie. It's traditional. But I don't think they realise the murky background.

"Frankly, I wouldn't be surprised if this whole business escalated to include the butter before long, too, never mind the ruddy greaseproof paper."

Len Thingy - the face behind the strike

COURT & SOCIAL

His Royal Highness Prince Wilf the Partly-Formed left the Royal Seat yesterday when he began an extended goodwill mission to n'Goa n'Goa. His Royal Highness returned later for the Royal Seat saying: "Demned if one's goin' to sit on demned palm-trees, what? What? What? What?" Equerry-in-Stasis Lord Rupert Rupert Rupert then detonated a small grenade under His Royal Highness, who stopped saying "What? What?" but, since the shrapnel only passed through his brain, His Royal Highness suffered no other ill-effects.

Her Royal Highness The Princess Yah Super threw a bread roll in a restaurant on Tuesday evening. Doctors are said to be "delighted" with her progress.

The Prime Minister Sir Rudolph Nose had an audience with His Majesty yesterday. It is understood that they watched several old Sixties sit-coms and then fell asleep.

Her Majesty the Queen Mother visited the Lower Leaking Home for Dotards on Friday, where she smiled a lot. All the inmates said she was really lovely, just like her photo, and reminded them of their old Gran. They added, as protocol demands, that they hoped she would drop round again when she was in Leaking.

The Lord Chancellor, His Honour Lord Sir Doctor General Horace Biro, will ceremonially open the High Court tomorrow at 11.00 in the forenoon. He will unceremoniously close it again at 11.15, since his recent operation was not entirely successful.

(That's enough Court & Social - Ed.)

"Face up to facts" says renegade GM woman

GRIM BIMBO TO WIN IN NO-LUCK CHARM CONTEST?

From Leonard J. O'Urnalist in Aquata

"If this woman has her way, every one of our members could be out of a job by Saturnalia."

That's the grim picture spelt out in pillars of stone by A.R.S.E. Assistant Deputy Secretary-General Len Crikey.

The reason for Crikey's concern? Jannedor, the rogue Green Witch who is threatening to destroy the Turani Bracelet.

If the Bracelet goes, it will cause considerable pain in the A.R.S.E.

Members stand to lose their jobs. At the very least, says Crikey, "there's going to be a massive shakeout of Guardianpower."

The Jannedor threat was first brought to the attention of senior Departmental staff 128 years ago, says Crikey.

Starborgling: "No cause for alarm."

Director of Stochastic Services Sir Monty Starborgling, questioned about the delay, said: "*Festina lente* is our motto here. *Volente non fit injuria*, of course, but *de minimis non curat lex*. In other words, *Caesar adsum jam forte*. Follow my meaning, old pip, old pip?"

Crikey's immediate response? "Typical managerial drivel. Our members have to go out in the street and deal with real people.

"Starborgling wouldn't spot a wossname if you shoved it in sideways. And you can quote me."

Who is the Evil Genius of the Order?

WHICH WITCH?

Special Report by Gavin Safari-Jacket

The Jannedor threat is greater than ever before.

No Guardian can afford to be unaware of the situation.

I can reveal that, should Jannedor succeed in finally dismantling the, er, thing - sorry, left my notes in the pub, but you know what I mean - the lights will go out all over Aquitania.

Babies will die in the streets and the old will cry for milk in vain. Something like that, anyway.

But more important than this, A.R.S.E. jobs are at risk.

This threat is a banana-skin under Aquitania which will boomerang like a rabid quagmire before coming home to roost and explode to leave us with egg on our feet of clay.

Jannedor (left) meets Prince Herbert the Not Quite in happier times

But what is Jannedor really like? I simply haven't a clue. Sorry.

NEWS IN BRIEF...

Borgling - A 21-year-old Assistant Guardian was beaten up and severely hurt last week while helping an elderly lady across the road. "It took two hours," said Len Thing, "and she was screaming all the way. Then all these old bats came from nowhere shouting 'Why can't you leave people alone!' The next thing I knew, they were beating me with their tartan shopping trolleys, and I woke up in Hospital"

A.R.S.E. Chairman Sir Leonard ('Len') Wallet will retire next month. Says Len, "It's time to go. I don't want to push my luck!"

The Annual Association Lizard Bar-B-Q and Biodegradable T-Shirt contest will be held in St Leonard's Church Hall, Lennington on the 24th - that's the day after the strike, so a good turn-out is predicted, says St Leonard's Vicar, the Rev. Len Vicar.

Retired Guardian Len Pouch, 72, has started a vital service for A.R.S.E. members: herringbone replacement. Says Len, 72, "My life as a Guardian was made miserable by constant herringbone maintenance. Now members can bring their overcoats in for quality bone-fitting at a budget price."

Happy Birthday to Len Phone, who is 91 today!

"Country close to war" says PM

Rebels Seize Power In Gulf Clash

A crack team of Guardians was called in last night to stem a rising tide of revolt in the long-running Gulf War.

The task force, led by Commander Len "Nuts" Twombly, 34, parachuted in from two Air Force cumulonimbi in the early hours of the morning.

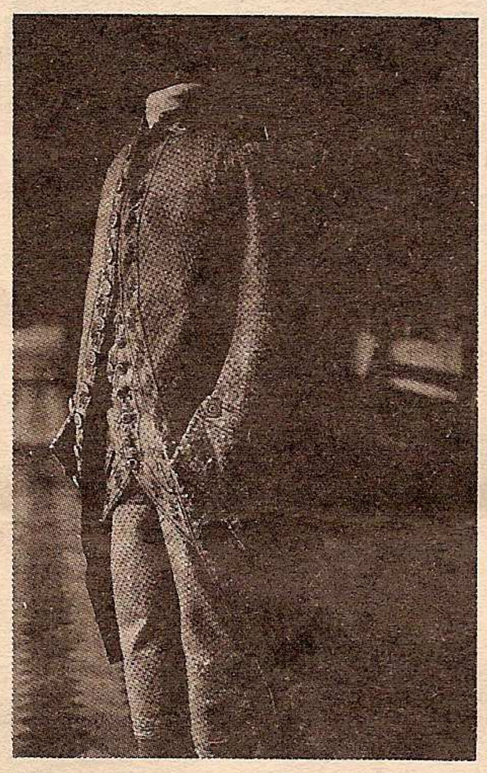
"We will be building a bridgehead at Al Qhqhu'u," said Twombly, "Or something that sounds like that, anyway. Then it's up to luck."

The rebel situation worsened last week when the A.T.I.A.F. dissidents broke with the T.E.A.F. freedom-fighters after a dispute with the I.T.F.A. guerilla leaders.

Now the F.I.A.I.T. claims to have taken control of State Radio and is claiming a democratic military regime.

The exact nature of the I.T.F.A. victory is unknown, as is the location of the F.T.A.I. forces or indeed the Gulf itself. The reason for this confusion is that this, like all Gulf War stories, is being made up from the office after lunch.

Comments Twombly: "I don't exist either. You're making me up, too."



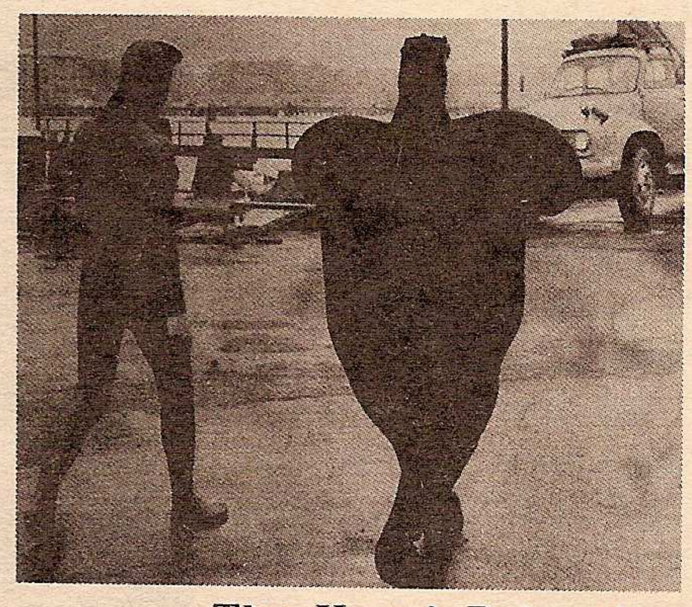
Guardian Twombly - does this man really exist?

Foreign Report

Kwazi Delegates run wild in Capital

Shock Horror Violence Flare Storm

Ruddibahmi, Capital of Kwazi, was in silence last night after a marauding band of A.R.S.E. delegates on a "fact finding" tour ran amok.



The Kwazi Delegation

The delegates, Len Flute, Len Wivaht and Len Welt, were arrested by Kwazi police after apparently starting a fight in a house of ill-repute on the notorious Nooki Street.

Welt, speaking from his cell, said: "We wuz relaxing after a hard wossname. All we wanted was a quiet cheese sandwich when in comes this wossname with half-a-dozen scantily-clad wossnames. We told her to cheese orft, and next thing we knew we was banged up. It's a disgrace."

Landlady Ethel Dearie denies Welt's version of events. "They come in heah an they bline drunk. Sayin they respec'ble biznissmen but I see straight way they no good, probly Guardians out on one razzle. I offer 'em the best in my house, the finest mature cheddar in Kwazi, but it not enough.

"'Bring on the dancin' gels' they screamin', 'We powerful operatives an' can float above the groun'' So I call the cops. It serve them right, if you ask me."

GUARDIAN SMALL ADS

For Sale: Herringbone Overcoat, vgc, one careful owner, bargain at 15fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Oops.

For Sale: Herringbone Overcoat, vgc, one careful owner, bargain at 15fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Piperack.

For Sale: Herringbone Overcoat, vgc, one careful owner, bargain at 15fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Carton.

For Sale: Herringbone Overcoat, vbc, one accident-prone owner, bargain at 75fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Redit. No agencies.

Wanted: Overcoat, any pattern but herringbone. Advertiser promoted to Admininstrative post. Apply Leonard Memo, ex. 335

Mum: Do not worry. The doctors says they will dry out in time.

ASK A GUY WHO KNOWS...

What he thinks of "GRAUNIAD" brand Special Sandwich Cheese-style Spread.

Only 3fg the packet.

•*STICKS TO THE BREAD*
•*CLOGS THE TONGUE*
•*SPRAYS ON CLIENTS*
•*GUARANTEED NO TASTE*

Grauniad - let your A.R.S.E. be the judge

Official Cheese of the Association of Registered Stochastic Executives. Gold Medal (failed); Imperial Exhibition (withdrawn); Dairy Products Award (recalled).

Special Report

A Life in the Day Of...

LEN MORON

Aquata's New A.R.S.E. Rep is a ball of fire in a herringbone overcoat, *writes Suzie Dope*

"We Stokies have got to stick together." The languid, challenging figure reclining against the rough-shod wall gives me a challenging glance from languid, reclining eyes, "but let's not talk about me, honey. How's about we make ourselves comfortable on this recliner and delve into your personal history like two old buddies?"

Understand Moron's desire to help a girl do a difficult job in any way he feels like, and you have the measure of this languid, irresistible man who, mark my words, will shake up the public image of Guardians and set the cat among the pigeons.

"I want to put something to you," Moron murmurs, exuding the confidence which the public demand - but so rarely receive - from the Guardians. "Our job is to help people fulfil their lives.

"Like for example a girl like yourself shouldn't be out on the streets day after day. You should be in a little flat somewhere, where you could play with a poodle or two, lounge around in a kimono, you know what I mean?"

Put like that, who can argue with Moron?

Certainly he has style. The chairs, for instance. "Yes," he agrees shyly, "I'm rather proud of them. I use them for sitting on. It's rather a style point, I think. My mentor was Len Spoon and he was very keen on novel applications for utility things. Look, honey, these chairs recline right back, why don't I show you?"

The deeper one falls under the spell of a captivating man-child like Moron, the more one is aware of the vast gulf between him and the traditional, herringbone-overcoated Guardian: middle-aged, moustachioed, munching a cheese sandwich, the traditional A.R.S.E. member has none of the grace, elegance, wit, charm and sparkling, sheer *personality* of the unique Moron.

"I want to get away from the old image," says Moron candidly. "I wouldn't tell this to just anyone, honey - why not kick off those constricting shoes, where they pull your feet out of shape? - but I want the public to call us Friends rather than Guardians. After all, this is the present day, and it's time to throw out those paternalistic attitudes and for men and woman to come together as equals in freedom of choice."

One cannot but agree. The day of the paternalistic Guardian is over. True, Moron sports a herringbone overcoat - but it bears the unmistakeable stamp of *haute cuisine* on his lithe, elegant frame. True, he carries a cheese sandwich - but it's wholemeal bread and Roquefort and old-fashioned butter which Moron discovered "while scouring the globe for taste-treats."

"No need to dress like a *schlump*," he asserts. "Nowadays, it's ongoing support which people require. The days of rushing around swamps and mines, turning up in mid-air and so forth, by me that's strictly old hat. Say, talking of hats, why don't you and me go and buy you something for your pretty hair? Maybe in the morning?" Who could resist such an offer, or such a man? Not me, for sure.

We know you're only superhuman.
We know you care.
We know you do your best.
Every day, in all weathers, you're out on the job.
You don't ask for much.
Immortality is its own reward.
But have you thought about the future?
Have you thought about Life Insurance?
We have.
Which is why we launched a special scheme.
A scheme tailored for immortal demi-gods.
You may think there's no point.
Nor did anyone else.
So we've gone bust.
TWIT & CO - INSURANCE BROKERS

The Independent
GUARDIAN

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Docklands Zone, AQ 17277
Registered at the Post Office as a toad

The Price of a Cheese Sandwich

On the other hand, it might be argued that the ongoing rumpus concerning the provision of cheese sandwiches to the duly appointed members of A.R.S.E. is a storm in a teacup.

Here at the *Guardian*, however, we prefer, upon mature consideration, taking one thing with another, to regard it as a storm between two slices of bread.

Why? Because that is the sort of feeble joke we enjoy making.

What must not be forgotten is that we are not very bright. If we were, we would be dons at Cambridge. As it is, we just pretend to be dons at Cambridge. Hence, our baggy tweed jackets, our fluting voices, our pale pasty complexions and our pompous, slightly faggy prose style.

Never forget that we know almost less about what is going on than you do. We rely on other people for our information. They may, taking everything into account, choose to lie to us. So be it. We cannot be bothered to check. Which is why, all things considered, we begin leaders with phrases like "on the other hand."

But we say this: to commit ourselves unwisely would be unwise.

Bummahs or Boozas

This organ has been accused of many things. Prudery has never been one of them. Yet there are those who want to BAN your weekly glugging, lurching SupaBooza.

To these killjoys, we say "NUTS!"

Our readers work hard saving people from their folly.

We say this: whose pot would **you** rather fill? The pompous bum Bummah *(see letters)* or cheerful, sodden Len on Page 1?

We say this: Len gets *our* credit, any day of the week??!?!??

GUARDIANS AT WAR

An Anniversary Celebration

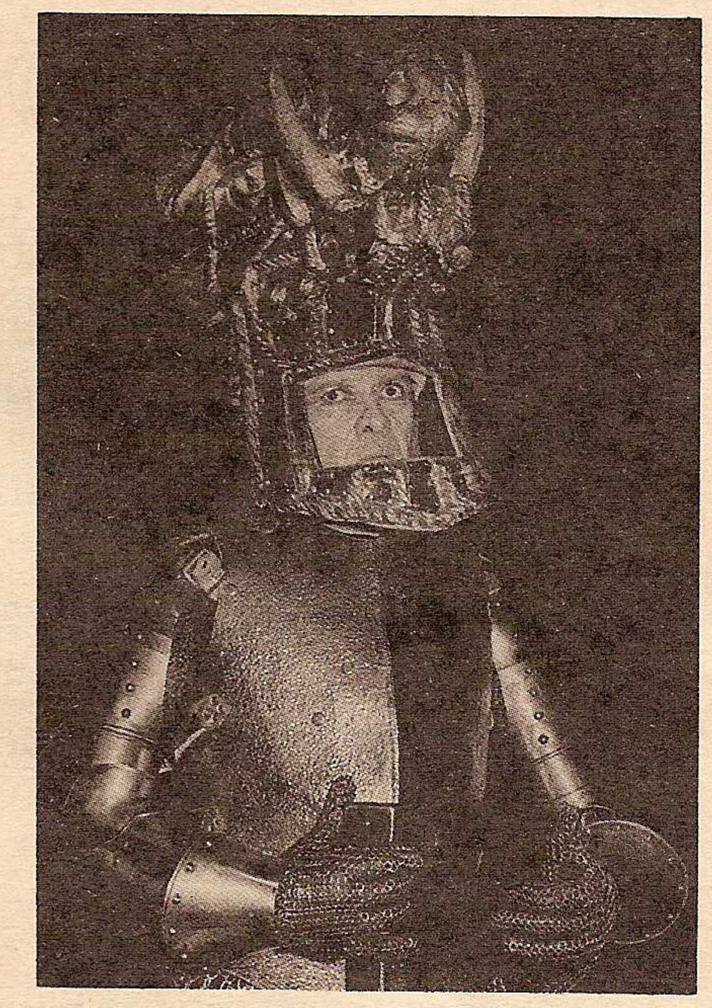
by Norbert Wibb

The War record of the Association of Registered Stochastic Executives - popularly known as "The Guardians" - has been a long and glorious one.

Now, on the anniversary of the first Royal Incorporation of A.R.S.E. during the reign of King Willy the Bit Childish, we look back over the years with pride.

We first find the Guardians being mentioned in the *Chronicle of Clerk Peter the Very Overdrawn*, which deals with the Battle of Saucer Creek. Peter comments: "Waited until dawne for ye Grauniads to Turn Uppe but they Never Shewed. Typicall."

Some fifty years leater, the Guardians were in action again, fighting for King Derek the Confused against himself in one of the great rearguard actions of the Silly War. Contemporary sources cite the Guardians' role as "negligibble: They just Hange aroundd with much Drinking and Fondling.



King Derek the Confused at the Battle of Duvet

For mine Selfe, I founde the Stentch of theyr Hering Boane Coates to Stink out my Nostriles, that I was like to Perrish."

(That's enough battles - Ed.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Correspondents are requested to write on **one side of the paper only**. We reserve the right to shorten letters for reasons of space, or to amend readers' opinions for reasons of naked bigotry. The Editor's decision is dubious. No Tick.

Letter of the Week

Sir:

We have written to you repeatedly regarding your overdraft which at close of business yesterday stood at 37,660.32fg in our books.

Failing immediate repayment in full we will have no alternative but to seek recovery through legal channels.

Yours etc.
Mr L.S.Bummah
NotBest Bank Plc

Miss Doris Norris

Sir:

In the course of my Duty as a Guardian (Grade 2b) I was obliged to render assistance to the above-mentioned lady in a delicate domestic matter, to wit, this sweet and innocent creature was being shamefully abused by her husband. I was able to oblige by turning him into a pair of rather nice Vibram-soled waterproof hiking boots (size 6). In the ensuing conversation it transpired that both the lady and I are keen mulching enthusiasts, and she kindly showed me her mulching cart which I took as a token of esteem.

We subsequently fell in love and are engaged to be married. We plan a hiking honeymoon during the course of which she will walk all over her ex-husband. What I want to know is this: in the event of our divorce, do I get the mulching cart?

Yours etc.,
Len MacNure
F.A.R.S.E.

IMMORTALITY - THE HIDDEN CRISIS

What do you do when a seemingly ordinary husband tells you: "I'm wossname"? It happened to **Mary Dull**...

"Ours seemed such a straightforward marriage.

I met Len when I was just 23. He was seemingly doing pretty well as a trainee Guardian. He'd just got his F.A.R.S.E exams and the future looked bright.

Everyone said we were too young to marry, but we pooh-poohed them. For the first couple of years we were happy. Then Len began keeping late hours. He'd just go off for months on end. I spoke to him about it, but all he said was "Werl, narmean?"

I didn't like to say that, no, I *didn't* know what he meant. So I tried to keep myself busy. I got interested in womanly things. I spent hours in front of the fire with my *Independent Guardian* Knit-Your-Own-Lesbian pattern. I wore a balaclava and hung around outside military installations. I bought some big boots and stopped bathing.

But Len didn't seem to notice. I was worried sick. Finally, my friend Deirdre said "You just have to confront him with your problems. Communication is the thing. Tell him how you feel and don't let him evade the issue."

So one day Len came home and I was waiting for him. I had made a special effort; his cheese sandwiches were keeping warm in the oven, I had had my hair done, I was wearing scent, a silk *negligee*, black stockings and high heels, and carrying a shotgun. When Len came in, I let him have it between the eyes.

To my amazement, all he said was "Har Har Har, I'm immortal." So I shot Deirdre instead, and I must say, since then, Len and I have been very happy."

If YOU are under threat of violence in the home, call 021-556-BONK - the advice centre for Battered Guardians. We understand...

GUARDIANS' WOMEN

CRI DE "COR!" - A CARING GUIDE

A question we often ask at *Independent Guardian Women* is: "How many women have the most terrible problems sharing their lives with Guardians - *yet do not realise it?"*

Independent research, carried out by a firm of people who we told *exactly* what we wanted their independent research to prove, has shown that:

- 90% of women don't realise there's anything wrong with their lives until we tell them.
- 85% of women who seek our advice require psychiatric help within a month.
- Guardians as a class are bombastic, shabby, and do not help around the house.
- "Hovering about" is the most destructive thing, according to a sample group of wives.
- Women who believe they are perfectly happy being married to Guardians are often initially resistant when we persuade them that they are miserable.
- Guardians whose wives leave them generally say "Oh, has she? Werl..." when asked for their feelings.

BRAINTEASER

Solution to Puzzle 1828

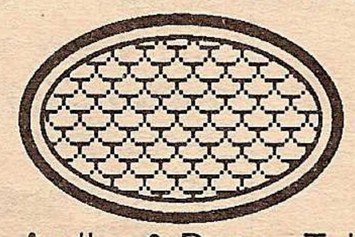
Meatloaf writes:

A surprisingly poor response to a fairly straightforward puzzle. The clue was in Mr Green's hat, and what most of you failed to spot was the application of **lattice theory** to what happened after the party. Mr Wormold, one of our regulars, quite correctly reasoned the if the atomic weight of the new element was 225, then Plato's neighbour could *not* have been the lift-man, so the answer could never have been "A Graviton". That, of course, meant that if the Greek acrostics really *were* heiroglyphs, the German spies could never have started their computer and the series of orange (but NOT red) lollipops would have been recursive.

The answer, therefore, was "Yes."

TIRED of PLAIN OLD HERRING-BONE?

So were our master tailors. So we designed the new look for the new Guardian: HERRINGSCALE. Traditional, yet daring, for the Guardian who cares that little bit more.



Pin this sample to your forehead and see what your friends say!

Audley & Dogg - Tailors for Gentlemen since 10 a.m.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO

A Guardian's Bible

This issue, your soaraway Independant Guardian managed to collar one of A.R.S.E's leading operatives, Len "Wossname" Wossname.

Wossname tells all: what it's really like out there; what to expect; what not to expect; when to expect what you're not expecting.

FINDING A CHEESE SANDWICH

IG: So, you've done the research and know what to expect when you arrive in the field. Tell us about methods of travel, if you will.

Wossname: Werl, piece of cake this. Nothing to it really. What with the old man being a cartographer an' all. Anyway, basic principal is this: you're in one place and you want to go somewhere else; you whip out yer pocket compass, work out which direction the cheese shop lies and go that way.

IG: Could you give us an example?

Wossname: Yus. Say you was in the middle of nowhere; exits in all directions, narmean? Werl, you're spoilt fer choice, ain't you? I mean, you could go:
NORTH, NORTHEAST, NORTHWEST, SOUTH, SOUTHEAST, SOUTHWEST, EAST,WEST, UP or even DOWN
Assuming there was summit interesting in that direction, eh? Mind you, if you knew that there was a cheese shop to the west, you'd probably want to go in and have a good look around, narmean? So, you'd
>GO WEST Or, to make life easier, just
>WEST Or even
>W Will do the trick.

IG: That's all very well, but what if our cheese shop had a door, or you didn't have a compass handy?

Wossname: Variety? Spice of life innit? Door? No problem, all you'd have to do is
>GO THROUGH THE DOOR
Or
>GO IN Assuming it was open, narmean? No compass, you say? Werl, you could just
>ENTER CHEESE SHOP Or
>GO INTO THE CHEESE SHOP Would do just as well.

IG: Getting away from cheese shops for the moment-

Wossname: Why?

IG: Let me postulate a hypothetical situation: imagine you came across a comfy chair after a hard day's work. How would you approach the concept of sitting down?

Wossname: S'easy, I'd
>SIT DOWN Or
>SIT ON THE CHAIR
Might prove a bit of a problem if there was more 'n one of the buggers tho'. In that case I'd
>SIT ON THE COMFY CHAIR.

IG: Fine, so we're sitting on a comfy chair. What if we found that there was a bit of a draught coming through an open door?

Wossname: Werl, 's obvious innit? Can't reach the door while you're sitting down now, can you? You'd have to
>GET OFF First. There's several ways you could do this though:
>STAND Is the easiest
GET OFF THE COMFY CHAIR Is another. On the other hand, you might not be able to do anything about the draught, so you could simply
>GO OUT Which would get you off the chair and take you outside, all in one go, narmean?

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU'VE FOUND IT

IG: Yes, well that all sounds very straightforward. Let's move on, shall we? Getting back to the cheese shop-

Wossname: A real cheese shop, mind you. None of this processed rubbish.

IG: Yes, alright. So, we find ourselves inside a cheese shop only to be confronted with a bewildering array of cheeses. What do we do?

Wossname: Simple enuf, you
>EAT THE CHEESE No trouble there, squire.

IG: But what if there were lots of different types of cheese? How would you get the one you were after?

Wossname: Werl, if there were more 'n one, you'd get asked which one you were talking about. But, if you knew that one of them was a juicy piece of cheddar you'd have gone for that one in the first place with
>EAT THE CHEDDAR CHEESE Now wouldn't you? Eh?

IG: Yes, I suppose you would. Now, what if one of the cheeses was mouldy and you wanted to eat all of them except that one?

Wossname: Piece of wossname, cheese? No, cake. Har! Har!

Har! Anyway, what? Oh. Yeah, mouldy cheese. Werl, you'd just
>EAT ALL THE CHEESE EXCEPT THE MOULDY CHEESE

IG: Alright, so much for eating cheese. How would you go about making a sandwich out of it?

Wossname: Now you're talking. Can't remember the last time I had a decent cheese sandwich; if it's not processed rubbish it's foreign muck. Narmean? Yeah, werl, if you had a sandwich and some cheese all you have to do to make a cheese sandwich is
>PUT THE CHEESE INTO THE SANDWICH

IG: But, supposing there was already some cheese in the sandwich. What then?

Wossname: Werl, you'd probably find that the cheese wouldn't fit. A slice of bread is only so big you know. Trouble is, you might have slipped up when you tried to make the sandwich and said
>PUT THE CHEESE IN THE SANDWICH
Which is all very well if the sandwich was empty in the first place. If it had some cheese in it though, you'd get asked
INTO WHAT?
Which is a perfectly fair question if you think about it, innit?

IG: I see. Well, so far we've been doing things all in one go, so to speak. What if we wanted to take it one step at a time?

Wossname: You mean, what if we'd had a few to drink and didn't want to make any mistakes like putting the mouldy cheese into the sandwich eh?

IG: If you like, yes

Wossname: Know what you mean, chief. Say no more. Try this
>PUT
Seeing as how no one would know what I mean, I'd get asked
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO PUT?
Then I could say
>CHEESE
And the response might be
WHICH ONE? THE MOULDY CHEESE OR THE CHEDDAR CHEESE?
So I'd say
>THE CHEDDAR CHEESE
And the question would come back
INTO WHAT?
And I'd tell it
>THE SANDWICH
but there might be more than one sandwich, in which case I'd get
WHICH ONE? THE LARGE SANDWICH OR THE SMALL SANDWICH?
so, finally I'd say
>THE LARGE ONE
and there you have it: one large cheddar cheese sandwich.

ASKING FOR A CHEESE SANDWICH

IG: Let's get back to the cheese shop, shall we?

Wossname: Yes, let's.

IG: To make things a little more realistic, let us suppose that there is a shopkeeper and a table in the shop. Now, you want to buy some cheese, but you have no money. Take us through it, if you will.

Wossname: Alright, chief. First thing I need to do is find some cash, since my credit isn't too good around cheese shops generally. So, I'd probably have a good look under the table - you never know what you might find, narmean?
>LOOK UNDER THE TABLE
YOU FIND A COIN
What a stroke of luck! Right, things get easy from here on in
>GET WOSSNAME
YOU HAVE NOW GOT THE COIN
Werl now, flush with cash, I can stroll on up to the shopkeeper and enquire after a nice juicy piece of cheddar
>ASK SHOPKEEPER ABOUT CHEESE
Now, the geezer will probably waffle on about how incredibly tasty all this expensive foreign muck is. Don't worry, I won't fall for the sales pitch, I'll get straight to the point
>ASK HIM FOR THE CHEDDAR CHEESE
THE SHOPKEEPER SAYS, "NO, IT IS MINE."
Werl, no harm in trying is there? Looks like I'll just have to pay for it
>BUY THE CHEDDAR CHEESE FROM HIM WITH THE COIN
Now, assuming inflation hasn't gone through the roof since I last bought some cheese, I should end up with my lump of cheddar.

SHORTER WAYS OF DOING ALL THE OTHER STUFF

IG: You make it all sound so easy. Tell me, are there any short cuts? Tricks of the trade, that kind of thing?

Wossname: Werl, when you've been doing this kind of thing for as long as I have, you get to know a trick or two, narmean?

IG: No. Tell us.

Wossname: Okay, tell you what, I'll give you two versions of the same thing. One the long way round and the other using a few short cuts. First, the long way
>GO NORTHWEST AND GET THE CHEESE AND THE SANDWICH THEN GET THE KNIFE THAT IS ON THE TABLE AND USE THE KNIFE TO CUT THE SANDWICH
And the shorter version:
>NW, G CHEESE, SANDWICH, KNIFE, CUT SANDWICH WI IT

IG: Fascinating. Are there any more?

Wossname: A few, yeah

IG: Could you tell us what they are?

Wossname: S'pose I could. The main ones are obviously the eight points of the compass. You know, Like NW for NORTH-WEST and U for UP. Then, of course, there's L for LOOK, DR for DROP and I for INVENTO-RY. Er, F for FROM is pretty useful, and PN for PRO-NOUNS comes in handy too - that way you know what the wossname is, narmean?

OTHER THINGS THAT HAVE NOTH-ING TO DO WITH CHEESE AT ALL

IG: So, is that everything you need to know before embarking on your assignment?

Wossname: Pretty much. There's a few other things like INVENTORY for when you want to find out what you're car-rying and wearing. Or there's EXITS what tells you which ways you could go. Another one is AGAIN - very useful that.

IG: Could you demonstrate it's application?

Wossname: Werl, if you was to get really annoyed, you might
>BANG HEAD ON WALL
Now, it could be that you thought it was something that you should try more often If you did then you'd say
>AGAIN
Which would do it again, narm-ean?

IG: Surprisingly, yes. What else is there?

Wossname: SCORE is a good one: let's you know how things are going generally, and how you're luck's holding out. Er, what else? Oh, yeah, when you've had enough you can QUIT. Or, if you want some more, you can RESTART. There's some other stuff, but it varies depending on yer circum-stances, narmean? Anyway, there's a Departmental memo you can read as will tell you all about it.

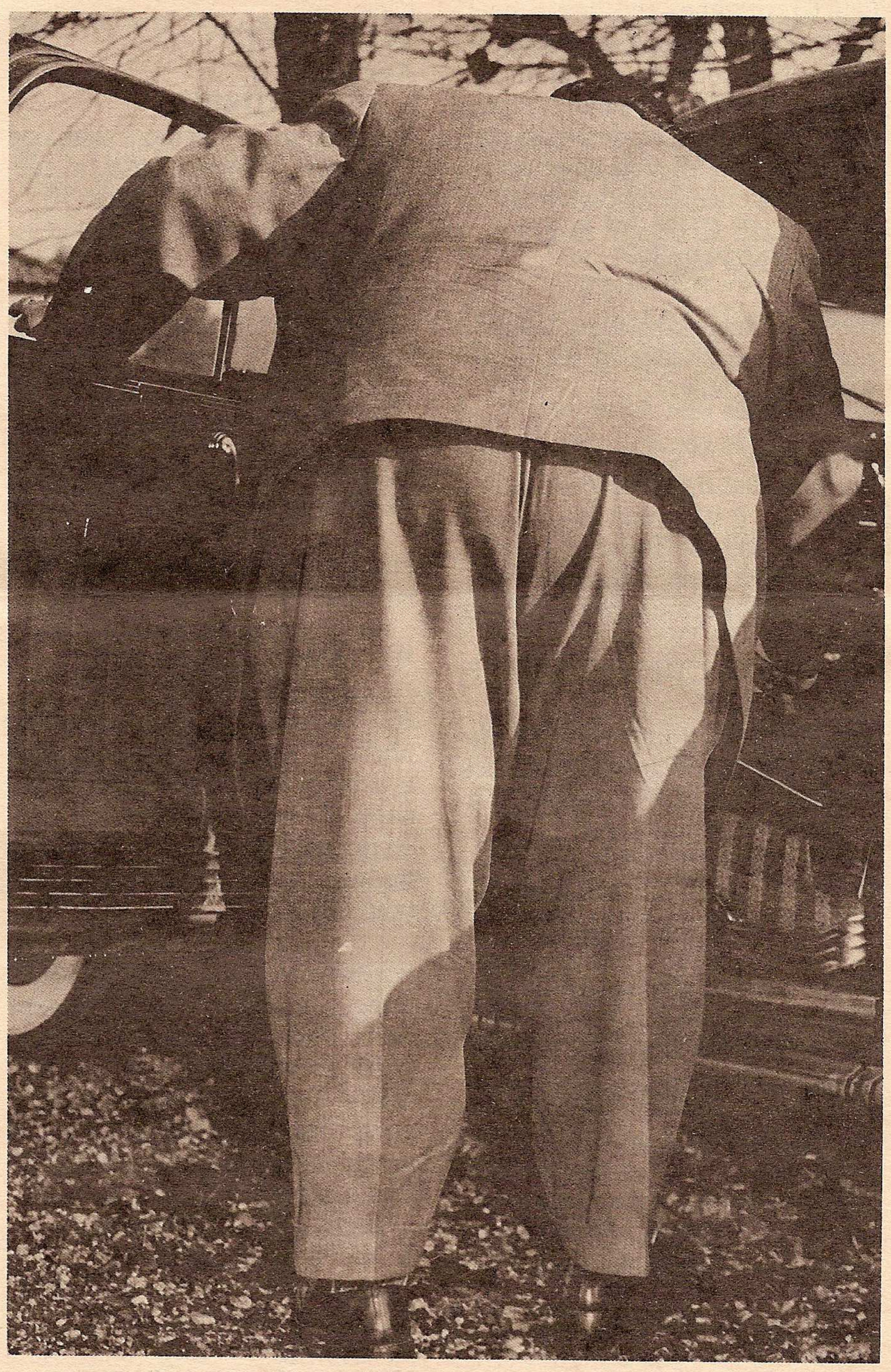
IG: Well, I've certainly enjoyed our discussion and think we can safely say that our readers will be better informed once they've read this. Thankyou for your time.

Wossname: Is that it?

IG: Yes.

Wossname: Oh. Bye then.

IG: Bye



Len Wossname, 62, captured by our imbecilic photographer in a rare moment of relaxation. "I know it's round here somewhere," said Len, as he groped for a favourite sandwich.

Big Boy's Got It Sussed - BUT HE'S NOT TELLING

STOP PRESS

Renegade Guardian Len "Big Boy" Jobsworth claims to have cracked the secret of the Jannedor crisis *writes Justin Dearie.*

The amazing Big Boy has compiled a secret dossier which should solve all our problems

But when asked for the secret, Big Boy just smiled.

"Har har har!" laughed Big Boy. "If I was to show you my thingie, you wouldn't know what to do with it."

But Big Boy DID reveal that his dossier can be decoded by a "computer". And we persuaded him to give us sight of the code version.

"I can show you this," said Big Boy, "because none of your readers will know what it means.

"What they won't realise - 'coz you're too drunk to tell them - is that all they've got to do, if they get wossname, stuck, is type HINT at the computer, then the bits inside wossnames. Brackets.

"The computer'll work it all out and give them the answer.

"Clever things, computers," boasted Wossname, "but even they can have enough. If you get a "+" sign after it's told you the answer, you might think to yourself: 'Eh? What?'

"But all you do is type the *next* secret code line and you'll get the rest of the answer.

"Mind you, I'm not letting you in on all this. I'm keeping it to myself," said a steadily more intoxicated Big Boy. "My lips are sealed," he added, cramming in a huge lump of sandwich before falling senseless to the floor. So we stole his dossier:

How do I get off the bus?

<RA AK GH AE YE RS PK RM PS RK PM RS GS AT HC AK YK KH YP KE YP AS DS>

Where do I get off the bus?

<RA CC HR KR PC RT PD CD GE CA HY CA GR CH HY KY PC KR YM RM GK HD>

<RA CM HE CD HB KB YD KP HP AY GC RC YB KG PY CY GP AC HK KK PA RE PP RG GT QR>

<RA AK GP CD PD KE PQ RK YK RG GG CC HP AD HC KC PR RS PB CB HQ CE GF AD GB RB PG RC GC AR HS AB YB KY YS RB YM KK YC RB GH CH>

How do I get past the bull?

<RA CC HY AT YT KB HB CF GG CK GR AG PD CD GK CC PH KR HR AK YK KT YB KH HH AT HE KE PQ RP PH CH GR CT GH AY HM KK HY>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK HG AY HG KG PR RA PK CK HP AQ HF AA YA RT PH KP HP CC GK CR GT CA HP AH YH KF YC RH GH CP GY AC GB RB PC KR HR AD GE RC FC>

<RA AT HH CP PP RB PH RT YF AF GT CC GA AK YK RA PB RS YK AK GG CH HE RR GF DD>

<RA PD RR PF RQ GQ AB HA AE GB CC GE CB PB RT GT AQ HF AM YM RB PT RF GF AM HR KR YK AK HH CP GE CP PS MS>

<RA CT PT KM PE KE PE RA YP KH HH YE AE HD AP GH CM GF RF PM KB YG RG GG AF HC CK PK RR GR AH GP CC HR AT HD KD YK KS YP RG GT DS>

How do I get past the barbed-wire fence?

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GB RB PA RT PF RH GH AG GY CP GE CH HY CQ PQ RS PB RH PR RA HM KM YQ AQ HB CS HT KT YB KM YR RP PH CH HY AM HE KE PS RB YQ RE GC ER>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AP GQ AQ HF AS GT RT PB RH YE AE HD CT HS CT GA CF GT RT YQ KF YP KY PA RQ YB AB HF CD GP CF PF RP PH CB YK>

<RA CG GY AH YH KG HG AA GY CQ HQ KQ YK KY HY CQ GK AC GP AA HR AT HE KE YF KA YK AK HD AP HE AQ YQ KK YM AM GF CG GA CB HD KY SH>

<RA CC PC RH PG KR YC KK YM KE PS KF HF CF HD AP GG CY GC AR HD AP HS KS PM RP PE RP GP AA GR CP GR CD GE CM PK SF>

How do I see in the dark?

<RA CF GC AR YR RP PH KK PS CS HM AE HP AE YP AP KM HM CT GC CF HQ AG HP KP YM KG YH KC YB KH YP AS BT>

<RA CG GH CQ GF RF YF KG YY AY HQ CB PB RT GT AM GF AD HS AP HK AC YC KD YR RS YT RD YF KQ GC RM YD>

<RA YT KH PP CP GA CR HG CP GY CQ GR CT HA KA YK KQ YR AY GH RH YC KA YF RM GM CF GC AK HH AM HE KE YG KY YF RF PG RT PF KS HP QP>

<RA CD GR AH GY CG GT RR GR CK PK RH PE KS YT AT HA AF YF RM PY RG GG CR HA CP GQ RQ PY KC HC CH GT AQ GE CG PD SY>

<RA YK RP PD CD GR CQ PQ KE YG KY HY AM HQ AR HC KE HE YH RR PQ CD HB KB YC RR HM FD>

<RA CD GR AH GY CG GT RT YS KY HY CH GF CQ PQ RH PG RA YA KT YD AY DK>

How do I catch a mouse?

<RA AT HH CP PP RQ PM KD YT AT GS CY PY KC YK RA GA CC PC KR PG RH YH AB YH>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF PF KS YY KE YM AM HB AT HA CK PM FM>

<RA CP GQ CF GQ AB HS KS YK RG GG CH PH KK YQ KE YM KK PA CG HK KK YY KP PR RM YE RS PK KA YR AR HQ AY HA AY HF AQ YR CC>

<RA AA HC CR GD CT GG CK GC RC PB KQ HQ AM YM RD PR KG PP KH YP AS DR>

How do I open Xam's mailbox?

<RA CT PF RP GP AA GR AG HY KY PQ RK YC AH HM AH YH RC PA KY YE AE GQ CK PK KA YB KC PY CY GS CP GH RB MM>

<RA AP GG AR HK AM HS AB YB RD PK RS PP RK YG AG HE AF GF AF HQ AR YR KD YY AY GH CF GQ RQ PP RH PG KP HP AD HM KM PF RH PP CP GF CC GD CT GG AP YS QS>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AK GH CP GY CT PT KS YR KA HA AS HY CG GQ CE YR AR HE CM HT CS PS RF PH RG PT RF PQ CQ GY AH YH KG HG AQ HY CH HY AF HQ KR SR>

<RA AG HH CK GT RT YS KR YA AA GA CD GS AF GM CP GA RA PQ RF YG AT EC>

Why does the mad gardener run away with the sack?

<RA AP HD CT GG CP HA KA YD KR YF KQ HQ AP HH KH YF KQ YM RB PD CD HR AM GE RE PD RP PF RG PT RF HC ES>

<RA AG HE CH PH RY PS RP GK AA YA RT PH KP HP CA HR CG HG CR GD AE HM KM YG KY HY CR GD AB HA KA YC KE HK HH>

<RA YR KQ YM KK YM KR PA RF PS RB PD CD GT CG HP CC GA CF GS CB YG TE>

<RA CB GS RS YS RE PA RY PP RC PS KK HK AA HT AS YS KD HD CF HQ AR HQ AF GD RD PF RQ PB RT YD RE PM CM HP AD GT RT GY MK>

<RA PF RQ PD RA PR RH YY KG YP AP GG CE GM RM YB RS PP RS PB KM PT CG QT>

<RA CE GH CM PM RP YA AA HC KC PH RT PG RP PH KK YY RG PQ CQ GG AY HA CY GQ CB GT CG HP KS EQ>

How do I get the oil?

<RA CT HS KS YT KH YP RA PF CT HS KS YF RQ YE AE HF AA GT RT PA RP PH CH HC AB GD CK PK RT PD CY FY>

<RA AG HH CY GG AR YR KD PE CE GF CA PA RR YS RS PD RY PH RE PC RH GH CR GM CG GB CD GR AC GB RK GE ES>

<RA PR KH PH RP PA RT PB RK PB KC HC CH GF CQ GR RR PD KB HE CD PD RE PA RD PB CH SK>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AK HC KC YR KA YF RS PB AY YY KG PE KE YF KA YK AK GS CY HG CR PR RS PY KA YT RP PD RY YC AE QG>

<RA CH HK AC HK CF GQ RQ YE KG YY AY GC CF GY AG GP CM GR CQ PR SE>

How do I repair the canoe?

<RA CC PC RS PK KA PK RB PS CS HF CM GP CR GP RP PF RG PA RB YD AD HB AG YG RP PQ RF GF AM GB CC GY CT PG GR>

<RA CE HS KS PS RB YM KY YP RP YA AA HC KC YS KD PF RT PD KF HF AD GT CG GA KE YE>

<RA AT HH CP HC KC YG KY YG RP GP CF GE AH YH KT YQ KC YK KG PP CE PE RS YB RD GD AB HA AR YR KG PY RD PQ CQ HD AP HS KM PF CA MY>

<RA AA GR AC YC RR PS RB GB CM HE AC HH KH YE KC HC CR GS CB PB KQ YK KG YD AD HP CC PC KK PG RY GY CP PP RF PC KK PG RY GD YK>

How do I get past the mound of dirt?

<RA CP GD CC GK RK PQ RR GT RT PR RM PR KH YP KS HS CB HB KT SR>

<RA CT PF RP GP AA GR AG HY KY PQ RK YC AC HY AP HS KS PM RR YG KM HM CP GD AT GQ RQ YD KS PK CK GQ AF GM RM PR RP GP AG HE AH GR RR PM RK PC CE EG>

<RA AK HD AR GH RH PE KD HD AS YS RM PY RS PC RK GK CM GE AB YB KQ YM KK HK AQ HS KS PM RR YG KM PT CG SS>

<RA CR GB AB GD AR YR RC PT RD GD CE GF CA PA RE PT CT HF AC GP CF HS KS YY KD PB RG GG AP HQ AF YF KP YD RT PG RP GP CD GM RM PF RG YR RC GE SQ>

How do I reach the chandelier?

<RA AA HR CG GE CF HF CS PS KK YQ RF GT AQ HF KF YA KE PQ CQ HM CE GH AY HG KG PK KC YB RD PT RS GS AT HH KH PY RM PP KA HA CK GR AH HS KP DP>

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GG CB PB KS PF RQ GQ CS GB CS GC CB GH CC PC RG PQ KF PS RR PA RK GM YK>

<RA AG HE AF GM RM PF RC GC AB HG CY PY RG YE RE PM RT YS CY PY GP RP PR RT PH RT PS CS GY CK PK RS PT RD PS KF GC AS>

<RA CH GM CR GM CF PF KM YY KG HG AQ HY AA GY CP HC CB PH CS CR>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GY CQ GR CC PC KB YG RY GY CC GA CF PF KS PM RP PF CF GE AS HY CG GT CS PP SR>

What do I do in the bakery?

<RA CR GB AB HK AQ GY RY YQ KK PC KP PA RR PT RE GE AM GT CD GM AE HP AE GH RB AH>

<RA CC HP AH YH RE PA KR HR CA HA KA PK RQ GQ AE HG AY YY KB YG KR GM DB>

<RA AK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM AK HQ KQ YP KY PA RS GS CK GM RM PQ KB YP KM YK KP HE KE YH RR GR AC HT AD GF CQ YK SM>

<RA CC HY AT YT RS PR RA GA CY GP CB GS AE YE KT YH RK GK AA HB AS YS KG YB KM HK YH>

What do I do in the bakery kitchen?

<RA AK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM CT GH CQ GF AM HY AQ HR AY YY RK PC KP PM CM HD AS HC CK GR CG GQ CF PF RM PR KY YD AD GB CA GR AG HY KD KA>

<RA AT HH CP PP RF PE KH HH AF HE CT GD RD YB KG HG CK GS CQ HE KE YF AF HB AS GM RM PP RG PY RP YA AF MB>

<RA YP KM YE RT PD CD HB AA HR KR YP KE YA RR YG AT YR>

How do I get back out past the baker?

<RA CY GP CB GS RS YT KC YK AK HH CK GC CA GK RB GB CT HM KM YY KG HG AH GR CF GQ CE PE KH YT RD GD AB HG KT AG>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AK HR AF HQ KQ PE RG PY CY GA AY HG AH HY KY YP RA GA CB GS RS PD KE YK KC YR AR GD CP HH KH PY RS GP EG>

<RA AK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM CT GH CQ GF RF YS RS PD KF YQ AQ GT CH GT CK PK RS PP CP HG AE HM KM YB KT YY KQ YR KY HY CH GE CC PE YS>

<RA CY GP CB GS RS YT KC YK AK HG AE HF CD GC RC YH KE PQ RP GP AG HE AM YM KB PM RE PF RM GK SB>

How do I get rid of the postmistress?

<RA AK HD AT GQ CF PF RE YS KB HB AH HT KT PS KM YR AR GY CP HM CT PT RB PM RR YA RK GK AA HB AC GY RD GG KT>

<RA AG HY AF HY KF HF AE HD CB HS AD HA AD GR RR YC KT YD RF PQ CQ GM AB HS KP YE>

<RA CP GD CC GK RK PQ RR GT RT YT RD YB AB HT KT PM RR PH RS GS CK GM RM PP KG HT DQ>

<RA AG HE AF GM RS YF AF GS CA GC CS GC RS GS CQ HF CD HF CG PG RH PB RD GD AE GQ CY GK CY YS FQ>

<RA AA GR AC YC RR PS RB GB AQ HK AG HD KD YR KQ HQ CE GG CY PY RA PR RT PR CR GM AB YB RQ PP RD YQ AQ GE CG GY RT YC>

<RA YA KE PD KB YR KD PE KQ PT RD YE RD GD AB HA AR YR KB YG RY YC KK HM KB>

How do I crack the safe?

<RA AT HH CP PP RS PB RS PT CT HS AY YY KM YQ KR YC KS YB AB HC CR PR RH PT KQ PT RD PE KQ YG RF GA RQ AG>

<RA CC HP AH YH RE PA KR HR AY HG CP HG AF HA AG YG KH YM KH HH CY GM CP HA KA YK KQ PD RY HS YC>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GG CQ GK CG GD RD YB KA YT RM GM CR GQ CF PY CY GQ CS PS KK YQ RF GT AQ HF KF PT RA YP KH HB HF>

<RA AK HD AT GA RA YP KY PQ CQ GK CM GE RE PG RH YR AR HD AY HK AB GS CB GH CR GA RA PC KR HR CC GT CD PD KB YG RG HD KG CE>

<RA PY KG PP CP GY AA HR KR PC RT PD KR HR CG GF CT GC AR PM YM>

How do I put out the pub fire?

<RA CK GQ RQ CY PY RM PQ KS YB AB GD CP PP KA PA RR PT RR GR CD HB KB YG RY YH CT AT>

<RA AA HR CG GE CF HF CS PS KM YE AB

GM CE PE RH PB CB GF CC HP KP YY AY HC AF HY AH YH RR YR KA YD KA GE PE>

<RA CH HK AC HK CF GQ RQ PY KH HB SD>

How do I get into the clockmaker's shop?

<RA AK GH AE YE KK YM KR YH KS YK KM YS AS HY AD YD RB PA RR GR CC GF CC HP KS KR>

<RA CB GT AE HM KM YQ AQ HG AB HG AD YD RB PA KY YS RB PE RG GG AP HQ AF YF RT PA RF PM RR YY AD TY>

<RA AA HR CG GE CF HF CS PS KK YQ RF GF AS HR AM GE CP GG RG YP KQ PT RH YC AC GB CG HY CA PA KG YY KQ YD KK PA CA GC AP HD CT GG CP YD AY>

<RA AK HS AA HT AG HA KA YT RM GM CP GF AF HC CP HG AH HB CD PY CY RP PR KC YK RH GH CG GQ CG PQ CA BY>

<RA PB RS GS CK HG KG YH AH HR AT HH AR HF AP HY AT HD CF PA FK>

<RA CQ GR CM GT CY PY RS PP CP HG AE HM KM YF KC YF RD GD AB HA AR HQ KQ PE RG YR KM PS CS PH DH>

<RA YP KD YC KK PA RB PC RE PB CB GT AS YS RT PC RK GK CB GT CK HK KM KD>

How do I reach the girder?

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GB RB PM RP YG AG HB AF YF KE HE AD HA AT HK AH YB RY>

<RA AA HR CG GE CF HF CS PS RD GD CA GC CR GC CK HH KH PC RF YQ KG YP AP HQ AF HY CY YS HR>

How do I climb the ladder?

<RA CF GC AH YM AM HP AR YR KD PB CB HE AM GB CS PS KB PB KQ YY KH YP AP HG AB GE CC PS CS GA CC HB AM HE KE YH RY GY AR HM CE GP CG PD QF>

<RA PB RS PC KC HE KE CQ GP CH GB RB PT RF PE RH PB CK PK RT PB KC YP KH HH AB HG CP PS EC>

<RA AA HR CG GE CF HF CS PS KK YQ RF GF AS HR AM GE CP GG RG YP KQ YY KD YG AG HB AH YH KG HG AE HH AC HT AD GF RF PY RG YC KK YB CG CQ>

<RA CG GY AH YH KT YG AG GP CQ GF RF YS RT PH RT PR CT PT KS YR KA YF AF GG CB HS KS YF KE YC AC GP CH GG CK GD RY PM>

What do I do with the weathermen?

<RA CB GG CQ GE RE PA RF GY RY PP KC YK AK GS CY HG KG PK KC PP RH GH CG GR CM HE CQ PQ KE YG KF PS AY FH>

<RA CC PC RY PM RQ PR RY PG CG GF CA PA KK YD KT HT CF GQ CM HF AH HP CC PC RD PS KK HK CA GC CM GE RE YH KT PD CD GF AG YG RK YC RP YP RC PB KQ YF AA DF>

<RA CC PC KY YM KR PG KP HP CA HA AR HT AR YR KM YD AD GF CE GH CB PB RR PD RQ PP KG HG AE HM AH GH RB CA>

<RA CB GG CQ GE RE PA RF GF AM HR KR YK AK GP CH GG AP HQ AF GD CC GA CF PF RE PC RR GR CH GF CE GC CH GP RP YG KE YM AM GS CB GT AS HR AA GY RD CD>

What do I do with the cloud?

<RA CT GE RE YQ KP YH RK PC CC HH AP GC CK PK RM PP RS PB CK PK CE YS>

<RA YT KH PP CK GA RA YA RY PS RE PF RD PA KT HT AY HD AP GK RK YP KQ YF RD PT CT HA AE GM RS PT CT GQ CF PA DM>

<RA CP GD CC GK RK PQ RR GT RT YT RD YB AB GQ CK GT CD PD RA PT RE PM CM GP CS HT AH YH RY PM RE GE AD HR CC HK AR GC CB GG CT PG GR>

<RA CC GE CH GQ CM HF AQ YQ KY PH CB PM>

<RA CH GT AQ YQ KM HM CB GS AT GD AF HA KA YM KR PA KY YD KT PA CD PD RE PA RE PP CP GM AF YF KM YR RY PD CY DA>

How do I get the train ticket?

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF PF KM PS RY GY CK GC AP HK CG PT CT PY GY>

<RA CY GG RG PK RR YG KY YK RC PS CS HT AC HF CQ GD CK PB CB HD AK HC CP GH RH CG KR AA YA KE YC KS PK CK HA AB GM CE GM RK YD>

<RA AK HD AR GH RH PT RG PY CY HR AD HA AD YD KA YR KK YA AA GT CH HP KP YY AY HE AM GB AM GP RP PG RH PB RQ PF CA KF>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF PF KM YR AR HG AY YY KE YA RY PG CG GY CD HB AS GE AQ HM AP HS AK HM AS YP RS>

<RA CY HG CK GE CH GB CE PE RH YR AR HQ AK GA RA PC RS PC RF YT KD YB AB YR AR YF PA>

<RA PB RG YA KR PP RH YK AB YB HC KC YR KM PE RS YT AT GS CR GK AA YA RG PF RY PF CF HS CT GH AH YH RE PA KR HQ RE>

Why do I keep falling off the train roof?

<RA AA HR CG GE CF HF CS PS RK PY CY HQ AK GC RC YH KP PC RK GK CS GP AA HT AS HB KB PD RK PC CC HR CG GH CE GC KF SD>

<RA CH GG AR HA KS YT KH YY KR YD KY YR AR HD CE PE RF GF AD HR CH GS AK YK KH PP KA YT KG YY RC YY AD KA>

<RA CK GQ RQ PY KH HH AM HE AB HT AR HT CA PA CB HE AM HH AM YM KQ YG KM YR RH YY AQ YG AG HF CM PS KF HF AB HT CQ PQ KB YT KE YM RB GH RM>

How do I catch the train?

<RA CT GE RE YH KT PD CQ HT AD YD RS YB KC YY KT HR KR PD RP YH AH HQ AM GP RP PT KD PE KQ HQ AH HG AD HT KT YA RK GM TH>

<RA AK GH AE YE RS YB KH YB KC YE KB HB AT HE CQ GF AD YD KR PC CE FE>

How do I cross the precipice to the castle?

<RA CT HS KS YA KC PB CB GM CE PE RF GF CB GK CS GM CY HH KH YT KE HE AT HB AH HR CD PA CA GY AG GP RP PM KF HF AT HD CB HQ KQ PT RD YE RM PH KY PC CE KT>

<RA CC PC RP YC KK YR RC PT CT GH CA PA RD PR RP PH CM PM RQ GQ CH HE CQ GP CM GT CB GK RE PC>

<RA PY RG PH KR PC CC PD CD HB AA HC CR PY KC HC AA HD AA YA KT PS CS HT AB HP AH GR RQ SR>

<RA AP HY AH HY AF HQ KQ PF KF HY KY YP KS YT AT GA CE HM KS PE RM GM AB HS AD HB CC PC KR YM AM HS AY YD EB>

<RA CC GE CH GQ CM HF AQ YQ RE PG RY GY AG HT AA HP AD GF CA PF QD>

How do I get past the gaoler?

<RA AK GH CP GY CH PH KC YA RY PQ RG YF AA AH>

<RA AA HR CG GE CF HF CS PS KT YC KK PH RP GK AG YG RK PQ RH PP KG YE KH YB KE HE AF HB AG HB CD YP RS>

How do I get out of the cell?

<RA AT HH CP PP RS PB RS PT CT HS AY YY KM YQ RE PD RK GK CR GQ RQ PF KS YF KE PE RM GC AC>

<RA YA KD YS KP GB RB PC KR HY CC PC RG PB RG PP CP GR CM HB KB PD RK PQ KF YT KC PR CQ YE>

<RA CR HH AR HK CK GC RC PB KQ HQ CY GS AB GM RM PB KS PE RC PB RH PC CC GR CA HP AM GB CS PP KS>

<RA AK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM AK HQ KQ PE RH PQ RF GF CB GG AR YR KC YK KB YT RA GF RF CC HP KP YM RT GT AS HR AA GY CG YB MH>

<RA AR GH CP PP KG YE KM HM AT HB AH HY AF HQ KQ PE RA GA CY HG CR GQ RQ YE KG YY AY GA CE HE AM YK BK>

How do I open the dome?

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GK CR GY CQ GB RK GK CH HP CG PG RT PH KY HY AQ HR KR PC RT PD CD GC AB GQ AE HH AR HK AB YB RQ PF RA YP KH HB CM>

<RA CT HS KM YH KM HM AQ HG AQ YQ KM YF KM HM CE HE KE YH KA HA CT GH AP YP RG PE RH PB RP GP CY GA CE HM CF PF RG YP AS MR>

<RA AT HH CP PP RS PB RS PT CT HS AY YY KK YQ RT PK CK GR RR PB RT PF RG PK CK HG CH HP AY GA CR PQ BP>

Why do I keep going through the wrong door?

<RA CY GG CK GR AA GP CH PH KE YA RR GR AY HG CR GA CF PT KS HS AC GK CG GD AR YR KA YF KC PK RP PQ CR GE>

Why does the witch always catch me when I walk into her chamber?

<RA CY GG CK GR AA GP CH PH KR YS KB HB CE GF AS YS KK YM AM GF CH GP RP YC KF YC KD HY PH>

<RA AP HQ AF YF KA YR KA YK RG GG AP HD KD YF KQ HQ AK HG AK GC AC HB AS HT KT YD KA PP RH YC KT YD RF PQ CR FT>

<RA AY HG CK GG AY HQ AR HY KY CM GQ CH PH RQ PY RR PS KT HT AC HK AB GB RH FH>

How do I kill the witch?

<RA AK HD AT YT KE PM KF PQ KT YD AD HR CH PH KP YS KF YQ RT YS KD YR KQ HR YC>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF PF RE PP RE GE AH HT CD HF KF YS KR YK RH PQ CR DQ>

<RA AK HD AS GT RF YS AS HD AA HD KD PR RM YE AB GM CE PE RB PG RF PA RG GG AP HD KD YQ KF PM CK CK>

I've finished the game but I don't have a full score, why?

<RA AT HH CP PP RF PE KH HH AF HE CT GD RD PC RB YQ RB PS RT GT CB PB KB PS KG PS RC PK CK HG AB HR AA GG CE GM AB HS KP MG>

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